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Balinamone Oro;

To which, are added,

Low Down in the Broom.

The Bridewell Song.

Peaty's Mill.

Printed by G. Miller, High Street, Dunbar.

Balinamone Ora.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your name, when I'm ſilent, runs ſtill in my ſong.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a kiſs of your ſweet lips for me.

Since the firſt time I ſaw you I took no repoſe;
I ſleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So hot is the flame in my boſom which glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Balinamone Ora, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my grave,
Unleſs you comply, and poor Phelim will ſave,
And grant the petition your lover does crav.

Who never was free till you made him your
ſlave.
Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my
bride,
With a ſwinging long ſword how I'll ſtrut
and I'll ſtride,
In a coach and ſix horſes with honey I'll
ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your
ſide.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fiſt for me.

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
he'll nae twin wi' his gear:
My minny ſhe's a ſcal'ding wife,
had's a' the houſe a ſteer:
But let them ſay, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waiting on me.
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;

For he's low down, he's in the broo
That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate ſits at her wheel,
and ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
for ne'er a jo has ſhe.
But let them, &c.

My couſin Kate was ſair beguil'd
wi' Johny i' the glen;
And ay ſinſyne ſhe cries, beware
of falſe deluding men.
But let them, &c.

Glied Sandy he came weſt ae night,
and ſpier'd when I ſaw Pate;
And ay ſinſyne the neighbours round
they jeer me air and late.
But let them, &c.

Now Jenny ſhe's gane down the broom,
and it's to meet wi' Pate;
But what they ſaid, or what they did,
'tis needleſs to repeat:
But let them, &c.

But they ſeem'd blyth and weel content,
tae merry mat they be;
For a conſtant ſwain has Pattie prov'd,
and nae leſs kind was ſhe,
But let them, &c.

Ye'ave waited on me, my love,
ye'ave waited on me,
Ye'ave waited lang amang the broom,
now I am bound to thee.
But let them, &c.

Sae let them ſay, or let them do,
'tis a' ane to me;
For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
until the day I die.
But let them, &c.

The Bridewell Song.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon the lay,
In Tothill-fields gay ſheep-walk, like lambs ye ſport and play;
Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm Jigger Dubber here, and your welcome to Mill Doll.
With my tow, row, &c.

At your Inſurance office the flats you've taken in,
The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, your always ſure to win;

First you touch the ſhiners—the number up
—you break,
With your inſuring policy, I'd not inſure
your neck!
With my tow, row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly
from Engliſh blows,
And they've got nimble daddles, as Monſieur plainly ſhows;
Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, aye,
thump away Monſieur,
The hemp you're beating now will make
your ſolitaire.
With my tow, row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now? why this
is ſure Black Moll,
My ma'am, you're of the fair ſex, ſo welcome to Mill Doll,
The Cull with you who'd venture into ſnoozing ken,
Like blackamoor Othello, ſhould put out
the light, and then—
With my tow, row, &c.

I think my flaſhy coachman, that you'll take
better care,
Not for a little bub come the flang up in
your fare:
Your jazy paws the garniſh, unleſs the fees
you tip,

Tho' you're a flashy Coachman, here the
Gagge holds the whip.
With my tow, row, &c.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers,
we're all upon the lay,
In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs
we sport and play;
Rattling up our Darbies, we're ever at your
calk,
You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're
forc'd for Mill Doll..
With our tow, row, &c.

Peaty's Mill.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
so bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
and wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
breasts rising in their dawn,

To age it would give youth,
to preſs 'em with his hand:
Through all my ſpirits ran
an extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
and pleaſure's at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
that none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peaty's mill
ſhou'd ſhare the ſame with me.

FINIS.

Sold Wholeſale by G. Miller, High-Street, Dunbar.

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